

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

NOONDAY PRAYER

*Look up to Heaven! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.*

Lord! since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.

Help with Thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest. Wordsworth

THE EMPIRE AND THE GUTTERSNIPE

WE are an impatient people. We are in a hurry to see wrong righted. We begin to grumble if there are wars in twenty countries and we cannot end them all at once.

But it is, well that we should stop to think sometimes, and look round the battlefields. It is well that we should forget for a while the things we have not done and remember the things we have done.

We have won the Battle of Britain, which was the chief business of Hitler in the world. We are winning the Battle of the Atlantic, which is his last hope. We have smashed a ramshackle empire and put out of action more than half a million of Mussolini's men. We have crushed a rebellion in Iraq and snatched that country from Hitler's grasp. We have forced the Nazis to fight on two fronts and prevented the concentration of forces on which they rely for their lightning victories. We have won to our cause the two most powerful nations that were looking on, and arrayed against the Barbarians the active energies and the inexhaustible resources of half the civilised world. It is something.

Ancient Kingdoms Free

Yet it is not all, for we have signed the first Peace Treaty of the war and have put back on his throne the first ruler conquered by the Axis. There is something thrilling in the thought that Haile Selassie is back in Abyssinia with a faithful people round him; what dramatic scenes will unroll before his vision as he thinks of these last years! And there is something dramatic, too, in Syria, for had not Vichy condemned to death the Frenchmen with whom it has now been compelled to sign peace? And have we not saved from the battlefields an ancient land to which the League of Nations promised security and peace? Let the Braggart of the Balcony rave as he may, let the Guttersnipe rant as he can, the world moves on and Victory is on the march. Well may we write the great V on our walls.

AND yet it is no day for boasting, and if it were we are no boasters. It is to the eternal honour of our flag that it seeks no advantage in these great gains bought with our vital strength and our life blood. We have conquered Abyssinia, but we shall not take it. We have saved Syria from thralldom, but we shall not keep it. It is the way of the flag to save their homelands for the little peoples.

The Empire of Peace

We have read that our Empire is stained with blood. We have heard that it has been built up on plunder and loot and cruelty and war. We have been told a hundred times that it will crumble when the great test comes, and a hundred times it has stood like a rock when other lands have reeled in the storm. It is not selfishness that holds it together. It is not self-seeking that keeps it united in spite of the gulfs that separate its hundreds of races and languages and faiths and ways of life. In all the history of the world it has not been known that selfishness has kept together such a variety of interests, such a multitude of conflicting opinions, as our flag holds within its folds.

THE truth is that it is the most unselfish community of nations the world has ever known as well as the greatest empire that the world has ever seen. Without blinding ourselves to much that is wrong in its hundred lands we are entitled

to say that there is no country on the earth that can rival it for the prosperity and content and security of its people.

There are lands with smaller burdens than ours, or with no burdens worth the mentioning. There are lands where life is easier and pleasures more widespread. There are lands where men can sit on the fence and see the history of the world unfold itself in the anguish of events. There are lands where Nature yields her riches freely and with a more generous hand. There are lands which have received the full blessings of civilisation without a thousand years of toil and sacrifice.

But nowhere is there a land that can compare with ours, or with the great Dominions of the

And what has been the difference between the Empire and the Guttersnipe? The difference has been that whereas the Guttersnipe has been the destroyer of civilisation and the murderer of innocent lives, the Empire has been the saviour of backward races and the rescuer of unknown millions of human beings from the morass of barbarism and darkness and superstition.

If it has been driven to hard things, if it has been unable to avert wars and devastations, it has been because in the nature of events the upraising of wild races, the abolition of slavery, the sweeping away of human sacrifices, the overthrow of tyrants, the transformation of the dark



Order in the British Empire—A Canadian Mountie on patrol in the Rockies

flag, for their services to mankind, their willingness to sacrifice themselves, and their capacity for living in friendship with their neighbours whoever they may be. They have no resentments and no jealousies of other lands. They will play the game with honest people anywhere. They have never trampled down a neighbour or sought to crush the spirit out of weaker nations.

It is simple truth to say that wherever the flag has gone it has sought to serve the interests and the happiness of the people over whom it flies. This Empire of one quarter of the world and its peoples has not been won on battlefields and cemented in the bitterness of war. The truth is that the German people in our own century have made more war upon the earth than the British Empire has made in its three hundred years.

It is something to think about, and it is beyond all challenge. It would still be true if we had said that a single Berlin Guttersnipe had caused more human misery, and shed more blood, destroyed more lives, ruined more cities, devastated more fair scenes, damaged more property, and created more hatred and bitterness in the world than the British Empire in all its history.

places of the earth into tranquil lands of peace, cannot be accomplished without the surgical operations of war. It is not in the nature of things that Civilisation can make its way through the mire of Barbarism without striking a blow or making a false step. We have fought unjust wars, and it cannot be denied, but in the long run of the Empire it has been built up on peace and with the goodwill of its countless peoples.

THE fact is that we did not want the Empire. For centuries we refused to take it or to use it. The British Government refused Australia for years after Captain Cook had found it. The Duke of Wellington refused to take New Zealand. We came into India at the request of the Indians.

We made our hold on Canada secure only when the French were ready to drive us out. We left disputes over Newfoundland unsettled for hundreds of years. In Africa, in spite of dark chapters, the work of the flag has been the uplifting of the native races and the preservation of their ways of life so long as they were not in conflict with the welfare of humanity.

It is a long line of Moffats and Livingstones

Continued on page 2

HOW FAR A GOOD DEED GOES

THE NEW DEVICE FOR SAVING PAIN

How far a good deed goes no man can tell, for it goes on and on through time and space unending.

All the world remembers that Lord Nuffield gave millions of money to Oxford University, but the world does not know exactly what has been done with it. One thing done was to establish a Department of Anaesthetics. Perhaps it may seem that the problem of anaesthetics was solved long ago when the discovery of chloroform brought the release of a sufferer from pain, but much good work has been done and far more efficient drugs have been found since then, and now a remarkable device has come about, thanks to experiments due to Lord Nuffield's munificence.

This device makes it possible to transform a pint of liquid ether into ether vapour and then to mix it automatically with air

to form what is equal to 5000 pints of gaseous ether. That is to say, the quantity of anaesthetic can be multiplied 5000 times by this device. In times like these the saving of transport is in itself a great blessing, but the machines used have the added attraction that they work without the gas cylinders needed for the usual apparatus. The patient breathes air through the machine, in which a chemical substance is ingeniously made to provide the exact quantity and quality needed. It is claimed that it is fool-proof and not subject to error, which in so grave a matter is clearly of high importance.

These Oxford vaporisers, as they are known, cost about £25 each, and Lord Nuffield, not satisfied with having made them possible, has offered to provide a thousand machines for the use of the three Services.

A BRAVE TEAM OF THREE WHO DIED FOR THE FLAG

THE young Earl of Suffolk has given his life for his country.

He was 35, and was engaged on delicate scientific work so secret that its nature cannot be made known till the war is over; but we can say that it was carried on at grave risk to the lives of those concerned. These were chiefly three, working as a team: Lord Suffolk himself, his secretary Eileen Beryl Morden, and a van driver Frederick William Hards. Experiments were made on the spot, and Mr Hards, who would drive the van to a particular place, was an efficient craftsman and gave valuable help in many ways. Miss Morden recorded every detail of importance.

It was felt that Lord Suffolk had a great scientific career before him. When the Germans trampled down Norway the Allies managed to bring away the only existing supply of an

important chemical, which they got to Paris. When Paris fell Lord Suffolk was there, and on his own responsibility he seized this supply of chemical and with great courage and cleverness got it to this country. Boldly boarding a French battleship, he asked for an escort and a machine-gun, with the help of which he reached Bordeaux, from where he was able to convey his precious cargo safely to England, with a big supply of diamonds as well.

Much of his time since then the young earl had spent in destroying unexploded bombs, and it was a bomb he was destroying which caused his death. He had an estate of ten thousand acres, but he loved doing the dangerous work he had set himself to do for his country. He was an adventurer above all, and had sailed round the world before the mast.

THE EMPIRE AND THE GUTTERSNIPE

Continued from page 1

that runs like a red thread through the history of these hundred years of the Dark Continent. Go into the schools of the African children and see their happy faces. Go to Durban and see the Zulu running along the streets with his rickshaw. See the steady building up of friendship between the patient and long-suffering Dutch and the British invaders of their homelands. See the Bantu and the Bushman now, the Zulu and the Hottentot, and think of them as Livingstone knew them. See the plague-stricken lands that have become fine health resorts. See education marching on. See the native doctor replacing the medicine man. See the cattle flourishing where hundreds of thousands would fall dead from some mysterious disease. See the fine cities with broad streets and busy factories where Cecil Rhodes walked through the jungle, or Samuel Champlain tramped in a wilderness, or

Burke and Wills trudged starving through the desert, or Livingstone toiled on through pathless country till he dropped.

It is a tale too long to tell and it has been the greatest story in the history of mankind, for it has raised the life of millions to a higher plane and has made the wilderness blossom as the rose. Two ways lie before the world—the way of the Guttersnipe with his poison and his battle-axe, or the way of the flag, with its incalculable blessings for mankind. It is not the least of the achievements of the flag that it can draw into its folds the life and people of every land, and it is not the least of our sources of strength today that there has come to our aid the incalculable wealth and strength of America and the inexhaustible power of Russia.

Three worlds we are, marching along three roads, but we march side by side and all the roads meet at the Victory Post.

Arthur Mee

The Sole Survivors

In the Duke of Bedford's park at Woburn dwells a small herd of deer extinct everywhere else in the world.

They are Père Davide's deer, first discovered at Pekin by the French traveller Abbé Davide but afterwards all lost except a few dispersed among continental zoos. From these the last duke collected specimens at Woburn about 40 years ago, and their descendants are all that are now left in the world. They are rather larger than a red deer, not very graceful, and with heavy limbs, long faces, and the wide spreading hoofs of a marsh animal.

So the present duke describes them while expressing apprehension lest if the war lasts too long they may become altogether extinct. At this time of year they are preparing to cast their summer coats of pale bright red and exchange them (without coupons) for an overcoat of dark bluish grey.

The Islander and His Sago Tree

Standard bread presents no difficulties to the dwellers of the Spice Islands. They dig it out of the sago tree. A recent visitor to the isle of Ceram in the Moluccas has been describing the simple life of this happy spot.

The native fells a sago tree, 15 years old and rising 30 feet, and, stripping its bark, extracts from its trunk enough food ration for the year. The sago starch, weighing several hundred pounds, is ground into flour which makes for him all the bread he wants.

It is nutritious and he likes the taste. The fronds of the tree will thatch his hut; their ribs will help to bind its walls together. Give him a small holding of sago trees and he asks no more, for there, as Dr Johnson said of London, is all that the heart of man can desire.

NAPOLEON AND HIS IMITATION

How far will history repeat itself? We give the dates in 1812 of the chief stages of Napoleon's invasion of Russia.

He was at Vilna on June 28. He reached Smolensk on August 18. He was at Moscow by September 17. The retreat began on October 18. He left Smolensk on November 14. On December 5 he abandoned his army and arrived in Paris on December 18.

Napoleon and Hitler have both been compelled by the stern and irresistible logic of events to turn their backs on their principal adversary.

Arthur Mee's 1940

The book is truly inspired.

Founder of Toc H

Mr Mee has written much about England, but nothing better than this.

Manchester Evening News

Each chapter makes a stirring sermon buoyant with hope and courage.

Liverpool Post

LITTLE NEWS REELS

NEARLY 40 people from a British liner sunk in the South Atlantic reached safety after 23 days in an open boat, another 40 having perished on the voyage.

During a cricket match at Skegness the players suddenly raced from the field, for a gas test was being held in the town, and billows of gas streamed over the pitch—the first time that a score book has read "Gas stopped play!"



After travelling 60 miles, and destroying crops on the way, a hippo has made its home at Limpopo Dam in South Africa.

The Welsh Highland Railway, a toy line that has given pleasure to thousands, is to be dismantled; it ran 23 miles through lovely Carnarvon country, and has been bought by a London firm for its 1200 tons of rails.

The great communal jam-making rush has begun. The Federation of Women's Institutes started off with the grand rhubarb crop, and now go on to gooseberries; they will not get many black currants, as they are being made into syrup to take the place of orange juice for children.

Twenty boys a week from Northwich Grammar School are helping local farmers.

The National Trust properties, are this year 68,950 acres compared with 59,300 last year, 33,200 in 1934, and 5800 in 1914.

Scout and Guide News Reel

By applying artificial respiration to a bombed baby on a car journey to hospital Scout Ronald Sullivan saved the baby's life and has received the Certificate of Gallantry.

Scouts James Webb and Lionel Plowman have each received the Gilt Cross for their rescue of a panic-stricken man who struggled violently against all efforts to save him.

Finchley Rover Scouts have presented the Thanks Badge to the retiring matron of the hospital where they do duty; and to the former medical officer have given a surgical headlamp.

Acting as Home Guard whole-time messengers, guarding a Messerschmitt and helping with

What a Smoky City Can Do

ONE of Bradford's enthusiastic citizens sends us particulars of what "a smoke-ridden and rather bleak north country city" can do when it tries.

What Bradford is doing is to switch over its parks to growing vegetables without entirely losing the glory of the flowers. The parks are still a fine sight to see, though onions, beetroot, carrots, leeks, lettuces, and celery are flourishing in the plots that are usually so gay.

There are over forty acres under cultivation in the various parks, and hay and fodder is being collected from 71 acres of grass land, providing between 70 and 80 tons for winter use.

The tomato crop is expected to be about six tons, and there have been gathered 1500 brussels sprouts and 400 yards of peas.

AMONG recent contributions to the R A F Benevolent Fund is one of £10,000 from the Fairey Aviation Company, and Imperial Chemical Industries have undertaken to give £3000 a year for seven years.

Tynwald Day has been once more celebrated on Tynwald Hill in the Isle of Man; it is the oldest open-air free speech Parliament in the world.

Manchester is installing libraries in all big air raid shelters.

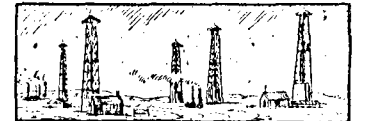
KETTERING is the latest town to join the growing list of towns that forbid queues.

The boys of the village school of Ulleskelf in Yorkshire last year dug up part of a wilderness of briar, dock, and thistle, and this year have produced very good crops.

In one week the R A F sank about forty German ships with a capacity of a quarter of a million tons.

The Eton Major Boys Club of Hackney Wick has produced, entirely from its own members, two scenes from *The Taming of the Shrew* at the Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon.

Texas is to give to the Allies one day's output of her oil wells, about a million barrels.



A NEW source of oil has been discovered in the Australian state of Victoria and will be entirely reserved for the Government.

Boys and girls of North Wembley have collected over 13,000 razor blades.

publicity for War Weapons Week, distributing 35,000 A R P pamphlets, and two nights' fire-watching each, every week, are some of the war service jobs carried out by Southwick Scouts.

ALTHOUGH a heavy blitz deprived Hull Guides of wool and many knitted garments, the girls are carrying on and they have produced a hundred garments for seamen.

The 4th Hertfordshire Lone Guides take over a warden's post on Sundays, thoroughly cleaning the post as well as doing the warden's duties.

Brownies and Guides of Fern-down in Dorset organised a fête from which they sent £26 10s to the N S P C C.

THINGS SEEN

A little girl carrying a stray kitten in her gas mask case.

A goods train packed with lemons.

A Chelsea pensioner knitting socks for the R A F.

The Sun Shows Up the Roman Way

WHEN the summer sun shone day after day on St Albans during the long drought it revealed for those who had eyes to see the old Roman city of Verulamium buried beneath it.

Excavation has laid bare much of that famous place of 1600 years ago, but the southern part of it is now covered by football fields, cricket pitches, and a lake. There the grass is mowed and rolled, and in the dry weather the streets laid out in the formal Roman plan appear as brown streaks on the turf because,

even after all these years, the grass over them is less deep rooted than the rest, and so it scorches before the grass about it.

The chess-board pattern has been clearly seen, and even several ancient building outlines discerned for the first time. Mr O. G. S. Crawford has widened by other means the scope of these discoveries, and we now know that the historic Watling Street was closed in the middle of the city to make way for a municipal Roman building and a Roman bypass was made.

SNAKES ON THE TRAIL

Life is one long alert for the forest worker in the Philippines, for poisonous snakes, plants, and insects are on his condemned list.

This is how a typical warning in the Philippine Forest Journal reads:

On reaching rock regions where the python makes its home in the day and along game trails at night, one should be on the alert!

The smaller poisonous snakes hang in loops from low vegetation, and sometimes give their position away by a movement of the tail.

THE YOWLERS

A kind man who organises concerts in raid shelters and encourages the shelterers to help, has made the dismal announcement that few people under 25 sing—they all croon, which is to say they yowl. That is the result of a generation of the B B C, the gramophone, and the talkies.

Our young people sing as untaught savages sing, and as the people sang in the streets to whom we used to rush with pence in order to induce them to go away. Has our critic ever thought of getting four people to accompany him to sing glees, and rounds and catches, music for which we used to be pre-eminent, and containing some of the loveliest melodies ever written? They would put the groaning, moaning crooners to shame and make them musical.

THE MINER'S RESTAURANT

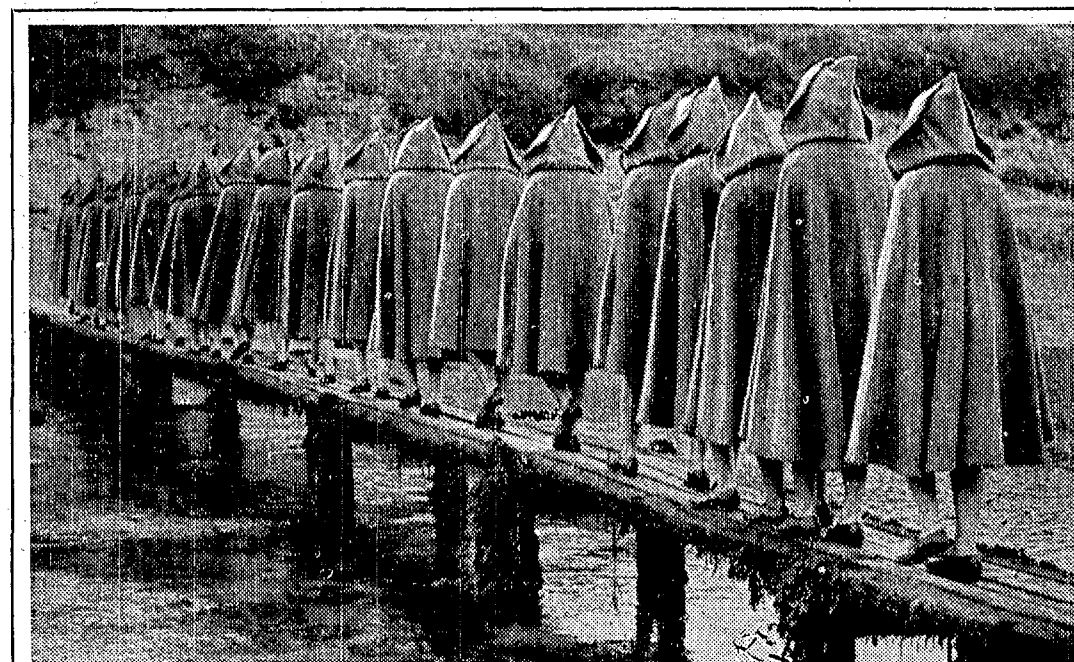
Castleford in Yorkshire has one of the first Woolton canteens for miners at the pit-head. It caters for more than 2000 men, and is open from four in the morning to midnight. The men may eat before they go down, or when they come up, and the scheme is working well.

Meat with two vegetables and bread costs ninepence, soup with bread twopence, dessert twopence, tea a penny. The workers can also take down the mine sandwiches of meat, ham, or bacon for fivepence.

THE CORMORANT MUST GO

The C N has been telling of the menace of the cormorant to salmon and inshore fishing grounds; for these birds regularly eat more than eight pounds of solid fish a day, mostly fine young salmon and trout.

The other day the Chairman of the Eden Fishery Board and the Chairman of the Cumberland County Magistrates led a party to a great nesting place on the rocky coast of Kirkcudbright. Here they saw more than 2000 of these birds, and in trying to get near enough to shoot some of the party became involved in quicksands and had to be rescued. So they climbed the cliffs, and from a height of 700 feet succeeded in shooting 60 cormorants and destroying hundreds of eggs on the ledges.



The Cape and Hood Parade

Pupils of a school of physical culture evacuated to Cornwall make a curious spectacle as they pass over a footbridge to their dancing-lesson on the beach

NOTHING LIKE CONCRETE

Concrete buildings, concrete bridges, concrete skyscrapers continue to bestride the world, and in America, which is their native land, their dominion stretches from coast to coast. The walls and spillways of the great dams have been built of concrete, in the expectation that they will last for centuries, and now experiments made on behalf of the American Society of Chemical Engineers have endorsed the durability of concrete even in sea water.

So far as is known it has resisted the action of fresh water in the big reservoirs such as the Coolidge Dam, and it is now asserted that sea water has no corroding action on it whatever. If that belief stands the test of time future generations will speak of the concrete walls of the New World as we used to exalt the wooden walls of Old England.

BLESSED BE STARLINGS

During the drought most lawns were silent and birdless, for no beak could penetrate the hard turf, but after the first rains down came the longed-for starlings, 22 working as a team on one lawn. Never was such a feast for them. They raced about their work; the lawn became honeycombed with the holes made by their stabbing bills, and each hole meant a deadly leatherjacket withdrawn. One genius, baffled by the resistance of his prey, fairly lay back on his tail to haul, and at last violently fluttered his wings to lift himself and the grub into the air together.

A GREAT THING DONE

Public opinion is always more inclined to criticise faults than to praise good work done. Let us, therefore, return a word of thanks to the Water Authorities who have been quietly and efficiently making a scheme to link up our water resources to make sure that no part of London and its environs should run the risk of being deprived of water.

It is a grave responsibility and it is being ably shouldered by the experts.

In the Shadow of Mount Everest

This letter comes from a C N reader who has left her farm in Devon to teach at a school in Kalimpong near Mount Everest.

HERE the cherry trees blossom after the rains and make fairy pink patterns against the sky. The poinsettia burns the hill-sides into flaming red, and masses of white tree-daisies form a foil for the blaze. The snow range is often showing all day, and sunrise and sunset are sheer miracles.

This year I have quite a selection of pure natives among my pupils (Indians, Tibetans,

Sikkimese, Bhutanese), their faces varying in hue from pink to yellow and chocolate. They have been busy making woodwork and needlework articles, which are sold at the feasts and melas we have in aid of the war effort.

A mela is much the same thing as a feast, a sort of glorified harvest festival, only more so, with a native flavour. We had one yesterday and the slopes surrounding the grounds were bright with the gay headcloths of the Nepali women. When Lady Linlithgow appeared she was greeted by 'God Save the King' from the Darjeeling Police pipe band and then by moans and wails from a Buddhist monastery band, present with drums, cymbals, and six-foot horns.

Then came villagers from all round, bringing gifts for the War Fund, anything from a handful of rice to twelve feet of purple sugar cane or a live goat.

THE UNDAUNTED TOAD

At the Haslemere Museum visiting children always ask now to see the two common toads that are much prized because they went through an air raid.

The air raid did little damage except to the museum's windows, but the female toad, the only casualty, received some glass splinters embedded in her back. These were carefully removed, and today the toad is as well as ever and no less lively than before.

SPARROWS

DEAR EDITOR, The Ministry of Agriculture are not encouraging the formation of sparrow clubs because when rewards were offered for dead sparrows, children (and sometimes adults) killed hedge sparrows and other useful birds. The R.S.P.C.A., too, is strongly against children being encouraged to destroy birds or to take their eggs.

House sparrows eat caterpillars, greenflies, and craneflies, but if during wartime we accept that these birds damage crops, can we not destroy the eggs only? House sparrows breed throughout the summer and their eggs are grey-white, spotted brown or black. The hedge sparrow's eggs are blue. We cannot mistake the eggs, and if they are taken no one can be accused of causing serious suffering to the birds themselves.

R. H. MORGAN,
HOUSE OF COMMONS

A TOWN FOR A SHIRT

Away back in 1669 a Red Indian king named Philip, of Massachusetts, had occasion to attend a court at Plymouth, where the Pilgrim Fathers had landed 49 years earlier. For such an auspicious occasion King Philip needed a shirt, and he was willing to give good value in exchange. Old records recently found show that he gave up land which now comprises the little town of Wrentham, but it is added that before the transaction was completed it cost the Pilgrims about 85 dollars in addition to the shirt.

A BANTING MEMORIAL

It was while flying from Newfoundland to England that Sir Frederick Banting, the famous Canadian scientist who discovered insulin, was killed. In his honour the new Royal Canadian Air Force Hospital at Gander Lake, in Newfoundland, which he visited shortly before his death, has now been named the Frederick Banting Hospital.

THE BLAST REBOUNDS

Many people have told us how surprised they were last year to find that the blast caused by bursting bombs can "go round a corner." Some London policemen have made another discovery.

Blast from bombs which fell in one road set up terrific currents in a police kiosk 200 yards away in another road. Officers in the kiosk felt as if their boots were being drawn off their feet. There is a low wall facing the doorway of the kiosk, and the blast (compressed air), hitting this wall, had rebounded from it as air-waves carrying sound rebound from rocks, buildings, and walls to create resounding echoes. For an instant the intensely compressed air acts as a solid and, opposed by an obstacle, rebounds like a rubber ball.

OLD RIPON AND NEW

Ripon, quaint old Yorkshire town, is used to the keeping up of old ceremonies and traditions, and most people have heard how her wakenman blows his old horn every night as his ancestors did for centuries before him.

A new tradition began in the town the other day, for Ripon flew the flag of America on her town hall beside the Union Jack, in honour of Independence Day. Many other places did the same, but Ripon had a special reason for doing it, for she wished to do honour to her namesake town in Wisconsin. She is proud of this link with the New World, and has passed on the motto cut on her town hall for the guidance of her oversea cousins, "Except ye Lord keep ye citty ye wakenman waketh in vain."

THE WAY OF THE IDLE MAN

We have all heard of the English humorist who, having grown rich on the English appreciation of his amusing writings, has found it worth while to please Dr Goebbels by broadcasting for him; and it seems that America, too, has a case of the kind in one of its poets, Ezra Pound.

He is broadcasting from Rome in English, and seems to suit the idea of Mussolini exactly. Perhaps we could expect nothing else from Mr Pound, for the only lines of his we remember give what appears to be the philosophy of his life:

*Sing for love and idleness,
Naught else worth the living;
Though I have been in many
lands,
There is naught else in living.*

THE SINGING EVACUEE

Dorothy Whitworth of Salford is 11, and when war began was evacuated to Bolton-le-Sands.

A month ago she was "discovered" by Mr Richard Traynor, the chief announcer of the broadcasting car used in the local War Weapons Weeks, for she is a very sweet singer. She enjoyed quite a triumph in the Carnforth War Weapons Week, and Mr Traynor has had many requests for her help.

She has just completed a four-day tour with the committee's broadcasting car, in which she travelled over 250 miles and sang 31 times in 15 villages of the lovely Lune Valley. She made several gramophone records, which were played to audiences in villages she could not reach.

August 2, 1941

The Childre

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



The Ghost of a Secret

The danger of disclosing military secrets has been cleverly brought home to British forces in the Middle East by this circular.

A SECRET is only a secret when nobody else knows it.

When such a secret is passed to another person the original holder's control over it is lost, and he can no longer be sure that it will not go farther.

A secret loses security every time it is passed on. Each recipient will, in the nature of things, treat it with less respect than the previous holder.

Tell no one a secret that he need not know; ask no one for a secret that you know you do not need.

To tell a secret in strict confidence is to betray a confidence and spoil a secret.

If you entertain your guests with news they should not know, don't expect them to think more highly of you for doing so.

Even though your sin may not find you out, the ghost of a material secret betrayed may haunt you long.

A BOY'S DREAMS

IN one of the astronomical magazines which, in spite of all the Nazi efforts find their way across the Atlantic, a poem by a boy of 14, Cabot Barber, is printed. It reads strangely among the learned articles about nebulae and asteroids and giant stars, but some of the C N young people may like to read some of its verses. The poet sings:

I said wind is the breath of the stars.

You said No.

I cried I love trees; they point to God.

You said they just grow so.

Clouds must be beds for angels, I said.

You laughed for a long while.

Tell me what it is to be like you? You have no dreams that cannot be true!

It was an Irish poet who protested in another way against the stifling of the imagination of our dreams; his famous line was: *Tread softly, lest you step upon my dreams.*

TO GUTTERSNIPE

WALLOW in your ghastly plunder,

Make new plans to stifle Right, Wage your mad barbaric thunder With your fiendish friends of Night.

Gamble with your stolen chattels, Then hear this truth you've heard before:

You may win a hundred battles, But you cannot win the war.

Egbert Sandford

Keep Them in the Country

To parents who are thinking of bringing back their evacuated children to London and other cities our Minister of Health has issued a very serious warning. The lull in air attacks on Britain has not unnaturally led to a great increase in the movement back to the towns.

Three months ago there were only 81,000 school children left in London; in June the number was nearly 110,000, and there were also 42,000 children under five. These are alarming figures.

No one acquainted with the realities of the situation believes that the lull in air attacks will last, and those who leave the country are exposing themselves to a greater risk than before.

From the Post Office Postbag

From letters received by the Post Office Savings Bank.

WILL you please send my father a fresh form to sign as he had an accident and dropped into some fat.

I HAVE found my book. I have no idea where it was when I lost it; as it was not where it was when I found it.

I HAVE been laid up and have lost the use of my right arm and have to sign with my left, which I now enclose.

I NOTICE you supply birth certificates. I wonder if you could go further and trace as far as possible the origin of my family on the father's side?

IT SHOULD NOT BE

It is twenty years and more since the C N began crusading against sending boys down in the mines, and still they are there. It is a pity and a shame.

The other day an evacuee boy of 15, who had just started his first day's work in a Welsh pit, staggered out of the cage safe but dazed. Three other boys were killed in the workings, together with eleven men. Thirty-six men and boys were working where the explosion occurred, and several of the rescued 22 were severely injured. Two of the killed were father and son. One hardly dares to think of it, yet for father and boy to die in a mine in each other's arms is a tragedy we remember hearing of before.

We are reminded by this accident of a Welsh miner who had to take several boys down a mine for the first time in their lives. He relates how they cried at the bottom of the shaft and begged him to take them up again. No one who has been down a mine and experienced the awe of the situation will wonder that a lad of 14 or 15 is dazed and frightened when he steps out of the cage into a darkness that can be felt.

Playing with Education

It is not to be denied that we do many things wrong in this country where so many things go right.

One of the things we do wrong is playing about with the Board of Education, where the policy seems to be that as soon as a good man settles down he should be removed. We have seen it again and again since the war began, and it must be confessed that it is one of the most disheartening aspects of our form of government.

Surely the Board of Education might well be considered as outside the range of the everlasting shuffle from pillar to post. In our opinion there is no more important post in Whitehall. Mr Herwald Ramsbotham was bringing to it great energy and vision and the promise of wise planning for the future, and we have no doubt that Mr Butler will do the same; but we have little doubt that as soon as he begins to make his power felt he, too, will be removed.

May we beg that, if the eye of any MP should fall on this, he will try to discover the reason why these bewildering things are done.

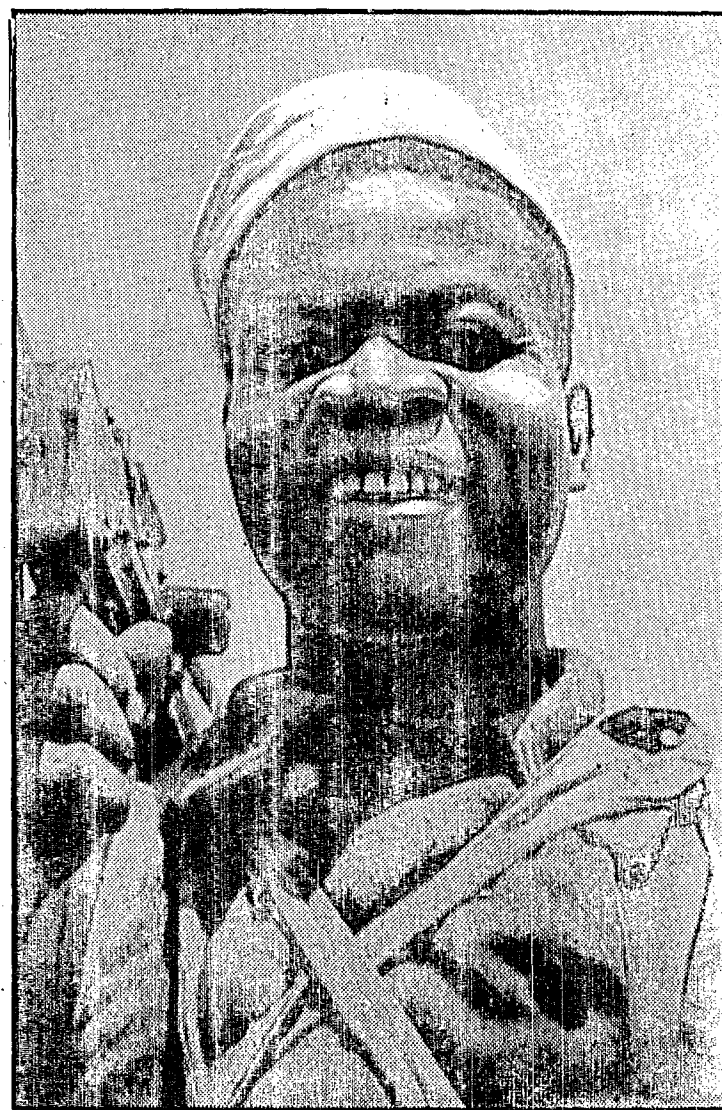
LIKE KIPLING

From a Siamese newspaper:

THE news of English we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder get commit we hear and tell of it. Do a mighty chief die we publish it, and in borders of somber. Staff has each one been colleged and write like Kipling and the Dickens. We circle every town and extortionate not for advertisements.

JUST AN IDEA

No words are wasted when one says hopeful things about a man or woman.



A, Senegalese soldier of the Free French forces

The Ladies of the Hut

Come along, and bring your mending.

So reads the cheerful sign outside the hut at the village cross-roads. In peace time a tea-room attached to a country inn, it is now a recreation and refreshment hut for troops stationed near by, and the ladies of the Village Institute and the WVS are ready with tempting meals and tea and coffee and mineral waters, with sandwiches and biscuits and salads and chocolate, when the soldiers come in tired from a hard day's work, or the Home Guard seek refreshment after an exercise.

The men were shy at first about bringing their mending. The soldier is expected to do his own, and is provided with a needle-and-thread outfit. But few soldiers are good needlemen, and it is to be feared that around

this and many other villages the pairs of socks which stayed "more holey than righteous," the buttonholes and shirt-sleeves and cuffs, the underclothing and perhaps even the uniform itself, remained neglected.

But the Ladies of the Hut were so friendly and helpful that the shyness soon wore off, fortunately before too many clothes were out. If a man is away from wife, mother, or sister, serving his country with incessant watch in the hour of danger, what is more fitting than that some other man's sister or mother or wife should offer willing and skilful hands to keep holes and rents and frayings in control? Tea and coffee, cold meat and salad and biscuits, so crisp because so quickly consumed, are excellent things for a man; but when the soldier can bring his mending . . .

ALAS, POOR RHINO

RHINO is leaving us. The great Indian rhinoceros is vanishing, leaving only a few hundreds in Nepal, and the bigger herds of Africa are being relentlessly pursued by poachers.

Poaching rhinoceros is a dangerous business, both because it is punishable by law in Central East Africa and because the rhinoceros is a very ugly customer. But its ugliest feature, the horn rising above its snout, is what spurs on the pursuit. It is not strictly a horn at all, but is of tightly compacted hair, very tough and quite hard.

One of our C N staff, when being taken over the warehouses

of the London Docks some years ago, saw a specimen three feet high or more, but this was exceptional, and it was offered to a museum. Ordinary rhinoceros horns are from 9 to 12 inches high, and when they come into the market there is a brisk trade in them. They are ground into powder, mixed with some chemical, and then sent to India, or more often to China, to be used as a medicine. Two years ago, according to the annual report of the East African Game Warden, 1408 pounds of rhino horn, representing 200 animals slain, was smuggled through Italian territory to Mombasa.

Under the Editor's Table

WILL the writer who said that trade cements the bonds of peace please give us a concrete example?

EVERY girl should know how to make up a dress. And a quarrel.

SOME cities have changed hands many times. They have the right even if they haven't much left.

SHORTHAND-TYPISTS are short in London. And handy.

GIRLS are learning how to paint a stocking on the leg. They say you soon get into it.

WHEN the House of Commons is rebuilt it should be half as big again. Even then some members won't get a word in.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



A SACK of money fell out of a train in Kansas; most of the money was saved. Did anybody get the sack?

MUNITION workers keep their attention glued to their machines. Know how to stick it.

It is said of a well-known orator that people hang on his words. Awkward if he dropped his voice.

If India would take a square deal at a round table

At School in a New Country

The Principal of Friends Academy, Locust Valley, Long Island, has written a report for an American paper about the refugee children from Europe who have been at his school for nearly a year now, and here is part of what he has to say.

By the end of September there were 32 British children enrolled, and during the year two Dutch children have come, one Belgian, and two small children from France who were of a Russian family and had escaped a second time. All the British children came from southern England; all had been in private schools.

A Thrilling Escape

There were no cases of extreme nervous reaction. Apparently none of them had actually witnessed bombing. They appeared in every case to be happy, normal children.

One of our Dutch children, however, had had an exciting time. His family succeeded in getting out of Holland only half an hour before the Germans took complete control. They chartered a small boat which took three or four days to cross to the English coast. They had to take their own food with them for the trip. The boat, a fishing boat, was a very smelly affair. The food they were able to get from Holland was meagre, and the Channel was rough. It was necessary to give the skipper a very large sum because of the risk. The plan was to leave the children on shore at some rather deserted point so that the skipper could get away, but this proved not to be possible, and apparently the skipper and his ship were taken over by the British.

Our experience at Friends Academy had been similar to

that of other schools where British children are in attendance. It has not been easy to fit them into classes. In England the schedule consists of about ten or twelve subjects, whereas we have only four or five; the English idea is to give a little of a great many subjects. Children of ten years, for example, had already had a year of Latin and were starting Greek. They knew nothing of American history and very little of American geography. We used the services of a refugee teacher to take care of the Greek and Latin, but of course we made no attempt to cover the wide variety of subjects on which they had begun.

The happiest feature of having foreign children in our Academy is the helpful and kindly attitude of our American children, who at once tried to do everything they could to make it pleasant and easy for the newcomers. I didn't hear of a single instance of their making fun of the British accent, although some of the English expressions were decidedly unusual. Our boys and girls greatly admire the careful enunciation, and gather round to listen when the British children talk. That is a matter of importance in American schools, because our own children have been very careless in this respect.

Quaker Ideals

The helpful atmosphere of a Quaker school has had a decided effect on the British children. In their own schools there has always been some tendency to bully the new boys, and the utter lack of such an attitude here came as a pleasant surprise. It has had an equally good effect on our own boys and girls. Having strangers among us, they felt a particular urge to be friendly, and so gave much more thought to the ideals for which a Quaker school stands.

The Hobbler on the High Heel

THE Prime Minister was speaking the other day of the girls in their high-heeled shoes, and it may be useful if a word or two is said for their advantage.

We remember reading in a newspaper some years ago that one of the saddest sights to be seen was a lady trying to walk home after one of the high-heels of her shoes had been torn off. It must have been a pathetic sight indeed to see a lady walking home on one high heel, but the sight of a lady trying to walk on two heels is almost as pathetic.

It is not walking at all: it is hobbling. Particularly pitiful is it to see young girls hobbling along on high heels; for a girl should walk with a firm, easy, elastic step, rejoicing in her youthful activity, instead of hobbling like a mechanical doll.

The human foot is beautifully built with an elastic arch, with a certain amount of movement between the bones of the arch, and with the centre of gravity of the body over just the right part of the arch to permit quick and powerful movements. Behind the ankle tendons go to various parts of the foot, and across the sole of the foot is a very strong ligament which

helps to maintain the arch of the instep. Watch a good runner run, watch a good jumper jump, watch a good dancer dance, and notice how the muscles of the legs contract and swell with various movements of the feet. The great calf muscles are not muscles of the leg, they are muscles of the foot, and it is the foot movements that develop them.

When a girl hobbles on high heels the weight of the body is thrown too far forward to permit the natural elasticity of the arch to give a proper buoyancy to the step, and the result is a stiff mincing gait, so that the muscles of the calves, instead of contracting and relaxing are held all the time in a state of steady strain to balance the body in an unnatural position on the narrow ends of the high heels. The free action of the muscles of the legs, acting on the tendons of the feet, is hampered and the muscles are pushed out of place or fail to be fully developed. In time the muscles, tendons, and bones become more or less fixed in this awkward position, and natural movements become impossible even when a girl ceases to wear high heels.

THERE ARE TWO SORTS OF PEOPLE

SOME murmur, when their sky is clear

And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled

If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied,
And hearts in poorest huts admire

How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

Richard Chenevix Trench

Tom Brown Goes to School

TOM, my boy, remember that you are going, at your own request, to be chucked into this great school like a young bear, with all your troubles before you—earlier, perhaps, than we should have sent you.

If schools are what they were in my time you'll see a great many cruel things done, and hear a deal of bad talk. But never fear. Tell the truth; keep a brave and kind heart; never say or listen to anything you wouldn't have your mother hear, and you'll never feel ashamed to come home.

Thomas Hughes

GONE IN THE WIND

SOLOMON, where is thy throne?
It is gone in the wind.

Babylon, where is thy might?
It is gone in the wind.

Like the swift shadows of noon,
Like the dreams of the blind,
Vanish the glories and pomps of
the earth in the wind.

James Clarence Mangan

Your Character is Known

BE your character what it will,
it will be known; and no-
body will take it upon your word.

Lord Chesterfield

WORDS THAT LIVE

By whatever process the Gospels reached their present form, whether the evangelists made use of materials already existing or depended upon a body of oral tradition, the fact remains that the words of Our Lord shine by their own light, carry with them their own credentials. There are no other words like them anywhere. They are simple yet profound, calm yet intense. They have a peculiar force which expresses authority. They do not persuade or entreat or reason with the hearer: they penetrate, they convict, they reveal. The charm and the wonder of them are as fresh today, for the unlearned as well as for the learned, as when the people were astonished at His doctrine.

Archbishop D'Arcy

More Perilous Than Twenty Foes

LET not the sluggish sleep
Close up thy waking eye,
Until with judgment deep
Thy daily deeds thou try:
He that one sin in conscience keeps

When he to quiet goes,
More venturesous is than he that sleeps
With twenty mortal foes.

William Byrd

THE HIGHEST END

LIBERTY is not a means to a higher political end. It is itself the highest political end. Lord Acton



CARRY ON

The Mysteries of this World

THERE is no subject of thought more melancholy, more wonderful, than the way in which God permits so often His best gifts to be trodden under foot of men, His richest treasures to be wasted by the moth, and the mightiest influences of His Spirit, given but once in the world's history, to be quenched and shortened by miseries of chance and guilt.

I do not wonder at what men suffer, but I wonder often at what they lose. We may see how good rises out of pain and evil; but the dead, naked, eyeless loss—what good comes of that?

The fruit struck to the earth before its ripeness; the glowing

life and goodly purpose dissolved away in sudden death; the words, half spoken, choked upon the lips with clay forever; or, stranger than all, the whole majesty of humanity raised to its fullness, and every gift and power necessary for a given purpose, at a given moment, centred in one man, and all this perfected blessing permitted to be refused, perverted, crushed, cast aside by those who need it most; the city which is not set upon a hill, the candle that giveth light to none that are in the house—these are the heaviest mysteries of this strange world, and, it seems to me, those that mark its curse the most.

John Ruskin

A PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY

O God, whom we adore,
Our strength from days of yore,
Heed Thou our plight.
Lift Thy Almighty Hand,
Shield our beloved land,
Grant us this day to stand
Strong in Thy might.

We mourn our sin and shame;
How we defiled Thy name,
Thy ways forgot!
Forgive our waywardness,
Gird us with righteousness,
Hear us in our distress,
Forsake us not.

Pressed by relentless foes
Our fathers, in their woes,
To Thee would cry;
Thou, who hast made us free,
No longer slaves to be,
We bow to none but Thee,
O God most high.

O God, whom we adore,
Our strength from days of yore,
Bid wars to cease;
May Love and Truth abound
Wherever man is found,
Let all the earth resound
With songs of peace.

Rev'd W. Nantlais Williams

The Tragic Trail of Wrong

THERE is seldom any wrong-doing which does not carry along with it some downfall of blindly climbing hopes, some hard entail of suffering, some quickly satiated desire that survives to see itself cursed by its woeful progeny; some tragic mark of kinship in the one brief life to the far-stretching life that went before, and to the life that is to come after, such as has raised the pity and terror of men ever since they began to discern between will and destiny.

But these things are often unknown to the world, for there is much pain that is quite noise-

less, and vibrations that make human agonies are often a mere whisper in the roar of hurrying existence. There are glances of hatred that stab and raise no cry of murder; robberies that leave man or woman forever beggared of peace and joy, yet kept secret by the sufferer; committed to no sound except that of low moans in the night, seen in no writing except that made on the face by the slow months of suppressed anguish and early morning tears. Many an inherited sorrow that has marred a life has been breathed into no human ear. George Eliot, in Felix Holt



Quiet Hills and Still Waters

A DESOLATE PATCH OF OLD ENGLAND

It Blossoms as the Rose

AN amazing change is rapidly coming over the wide and desolate wastes on the borders of Norfolk and Cambridge. In place of the bushes, rank grass, and weeds, which have made this fen country derelict for generations, corn and potatoes and sugar beet are growing now—1000 acres of it this year, with hope of 6000 next.

This magnificent undertaking has been carried out by the Great Ouse Catchment Board in Feltwell Fen, which was six feet under water 20 years ago. They have drained the land with a dozen excavators, and employed

tractors to tear up bushes and masses of couch grass, many of these machines having been brought from America.

The result has been a stretch of fertile soil on which are being grown this year 1000 tons of potatoes, 1000 tons of sugar-beet, and 500 tons of oats.

A little railway has recently been opened across the fen, to carry the beets and other crops to factory and market. It is one of the many miracles which are transforming Old England, and we must all hope this good work once done will never again be allowed to become derelict.

OUR ALLIES THE BEES

There is a shortage of bees in England this year, and so we shall feel not only the loss of honey but the absence of these invaluable helpers of the gardener, who depends on them to fertilise his fruit and even his vegetable marrows.

What is most felt is the scarcity of queen bees. We can no longer import queen bees from Italy, and they are needed now to stiffen the bee swarms, though it seems odd to speak of natives of Italy stiffening anything. The Beekeeper's Magazine deplores the rise in price of a strong swarm of bees to nearly £5.

We also read in this magazine of an unusual use of honey. It is given to deep sea divers before they descend into deep water. There they have to breathe within their divers' armoured suits a mixture of helium and oxygen. In order to take no harm from this mixture the diver eats a pound of honey in the comb, which helps him to absorb the oxygen safely; and when he comes to the surface again he is given half a tumbler of strained honey to guard against the after effects of the artificial atmosphere he has breathed.



A bandsman of the Black Watch in peace-time uniform at a recent parade

BIBLE TALES FROM THE BATTLEFIELDS

The Widow's Cruse of Oil

It came to pass, after a while, that the brook dried up, because there had been no rain in the land; and the word of the Lord came unto Elijah, saying, Arise, get thee to Zarephath, which belongeth to Zidon, and dwell there: behold, I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee.

So he arose and went to Zarephath, and when he came to the gate of the city behold the widow woman was there gathering sticks, and he called to her, and said, Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water in a vessel, that I may drink. And as she was going to fetch it he called to her, and said, Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand.

And she said, As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake,

but a handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse; and, behold, I am gathering two sticks that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it, and die. And Elijah said unto her, Fear not; go and do as thou hast said, but make me a little cake first, and bring it unto me, and after make for thee and for thy son; for thus saith the Lord God of Israel, The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth.

She did according to the saying of Elijah, and she, and he, and her house, did eat many days. And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail.

Swanee River Man

IN AMERICA'S HALL OF FAME

Once every five years new candidates are elected to New York's Hall of Fame.

This year comes only one, Stephen Collins Foster. To most people the name probably means nothing, but who does not know the song of the Old Folks at Home, Way Down Upon the Swanee River? Foster wrote it, and My Old Kentucky Home as well as hundreds of other songs.

The Hall of Fame is a stone colonnade, lined with busts of the great, at New York University, and to ensure that only men or women of lasting renown are represented there no candidate may be named for the honour until 25 years after death.

Foster died rather tragically 77 years ago, owning only 38 cents, but his songs have kept alive his fame, and his bust now finds its place with those of 72 other great Americans—Washington, Lincoln, Franklin, and the rest. His Swanee River is actually the Suwanee River in Georgia, which he never saw, he having chosen the name from a map because its rhythm suited the tune.

More than once poets have made famous things they never saw. Tennyson put Arthur Hallam's grave into In Memoriam long before he saw it, and the actual grave does not fit the lovely lines in which Tennyson speaks of it.

WHERE THE OXTAIL GOES

From a Correspondent

Everyone is puzzled by the food market. I confess that I was puzzled by the fact that my butcher rarely or never has any suet, and rarely or never has any "offals," by which word is meant not only the interior parts of an animal's body, such as heart, liver, and kidney; but also his head and his tail.

I tried often to buy oxtail, and one day at the butcher's I saw quite a pile of these. Cheered by this sight, I confidently asked for an oxtail, only to be told by the butcher that he had none! On this I pointed to the pile side me. The butcher evidently had forgotten his own arrangements, for he then declared that they were put aside for the Hotel, though he might as well sell me one, and I departed with it in triumph.

A friend tells me that hotels buy up what they can, having power to sell any quantity of unrationed goods, and that this is the explanation of the disappearance of much of such stuff as suet and liver and oxtail.

The Secret Knitter

When the housekeeper of a big school for boys in Ontario was inspecting the dormitories the other day she found something that caused a sensation throughout the school.

Under the mattress of a prefect's bed was a suspicious bump, and putting her hand in the housekeeper drew out a half-knitted sock! The boy was secretly knitting for his friends in the Navy.

The Little Silver Thimble

HOW IT HELPS TO WIN THE WAR

SOME readers of the C N may have been asking about the Silver Thimble Fund to which we announced gifts by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret the other day.

It is one of the bright ideas of the last war which has been revived in this, and is helping to save our sick and wounded defenders.

The idea came in 1915 to an English lady, Miss Hope-Clarke, when she pricked her finger through a hole in her thimble. It was her third worn-out thimble, and she realised that there must be many thousands of worn-out thimbles which, if collected and melted down, would provide an ambulance for our soldiers.

She enlisted the help of friends and advertised for old silver thimbles and other odd useless, broken, and unwanted articles of gold and silver, and within a month she received thimbles and other things worth £400. By the end of the Great War the Silver Thimble Fund had become worldwide, as many as 65,000 silver thimbles being collected. These alone paid for two ambulances, while about £30,000 was obtained from all the gold and silver oddments when melted down.

Twelve motor ambulances, two motor dental surgeries, and five hospital boats for Mesopotamia were provided, while grants were made to hospitals and also to institutions which helped soldiers and seamen in the difficult days that followed the war. There were many gifts in money, so that the total sum spent was £60,467.

When the Hitler War broke out the founder of this splendid scheme appealed again for silver thimbles, confident that during these 20 years thimbles would have been worn out, and that many unwanted and forgotten oddments in gold and silver would be lying in trinket and treasure boxes, in trunks, attics, and banks, like useless talents hidden away in the napkin. Once again they began to roll in, and the Silver Thimble Fund has already supplied 32 life saving units, including 16 ambulances, 5 mobile field hospitals, 2 ambulance planes, and 3 X-ray sets.

We are sure many C N readers would like to help in this collection, asking their friends to make a search for any unwanted silver thimbles and other trifles, and sending them to the Silver Thimble Fund, 17, High Street, Wimbledon.

Peter Pan is an Editor

ONE of the truly romantic stories of the Great War concerned the publication in German-occupied Belgium of a newspaper friendly to the Allied cause.

La Libre Belgique, or Free Belgium, was its name, and although it was most necessary for its production and distribution to be accomplished secretly, many of its 100,000 copies were placed where the German authorities could not fail to see them.

For nearly a year the paper has been appearing again in Belgium during this war, and from the single typewritten sheet of last August it has grown today into a well-printed newspaper of

six sheets. Its place of origin is, of course, as secret as ever, but beneath the title it prints the address of its offices as that of the Nazi H Q in Brussels, and the Editor's name is given as Peter Pan of the Jardin d'Egmont. It is like saying Peter Pan of Kensington Gardens, for in the Jardin d'Egmont near Brussels there is a charming little figure of the boy who would not grow up.

Like Peter Pan, La Libre Belgique is ever-young, and no doubt its influence is being felt and its message of hope appreciated throughout the Belgian wilderness the Nazis have made.

Sir Richard's Umbrella

AN old friend of the C N and President of the British Association, Sir Richard Gregory, has been telling in a lecture an amusing story of the earliest application of X rays.

Shortly after Röntgen had announced them Sir Richard was on his way to Sir Herbert Jackson's laboratory, where he was to see the action of the rays coming forth from one of Jackson's fluorescent tubes. With him he carried an umbrella he

had just bought from a shopkeeper, who assured him that the umbrella's crook and stick were all of one piece. Sir Richard had the idea of placing the umbrella in the path of the rays, and, lo and behold, it appeared that the crook and the handle were not one, but were joined by an internal metal screw.

This was probably the first demonstration of the power of the rays to detect metal objects, and in this case it exposed a shopkeeper's fraud.

The Boys Brigaders Do Their Good Turn

THE Boys Brigade, it is good to know, is to be found in the most remote parts of the British Empire.

When the rains of Northern Nigeria destroyed the little church of some Christians and the home of their pastor, a newly-formed company of Brigaders which was camping not far away, sleeping in grass shelters and generally enjoying their holiday, arrived to help. On their way the lads had cut grass

to thatch the roofs, and when they arrived at the scene of the disaster they set to work to help the little Christian community build a new church with bricks which they had made.

All worked at the building until four o'clock, when the lads gave displays of drill and games, to the delight of the natives who had crowded round. Each day the officers of the company preached to these crowds and also at a mining camp not far away.

GERMAN WHO TURNED NAPOLEON OUT OF RUSSIA

The last Dictator to march through blood to the domination of Europe was Napoleon, and Russia was his undoing; it was a German driven from Prussia by Napoleon who urged the Russians to drive him back. This is his story, the story of Henry Vom Stein who saved Germany in his day and sounded the knell of Napoleon's doom.

HENRY VOM STEIN is little known to this generation, but should be known to all the world. He saved Germany in a crisis of her history. He started Germany on the road to democracy. He made evident to all the world the evils wrought by emperors who governed and waged war against their people's will. He saw in Napoleon the arch-enemy of the peoples of every nation, and was destined to have a great share in that man's overthrow.

But reaction followed the overthrow of Napoleon, as it nearly always follows a war, and in the end Stein died a brokenhearted man.

A Plain Speaker

A landowner in a small way, he grew up to feel himself no man's inferior. He claimed the right to speak plainly to everybody, king or peasant, and he expected a plain reply. He did not know what it was to be afraid. Whether men liked him or not, all thought him an entirely honest man.

After much reading and travel Stein became convinced that the English system was the best system of government because it interested the people themselves in the welfare of their country and created such a

public opinion as can never exist where a nation is ruled from above. He joined what we should now call the Civil Service of Prussia, hoping to help the people to be free.

At that time the people of Prussia had no part in its government. Men were divided into three classes—the nobility, the citizens, and the peasants. No citizen could be an officer; no member of the nobility could engage in trade; no peasant could change his condition.

Prussia had at that time lost the respect of Europe by the callous selfishness of her dealings with other nations. When Napoleon emerged from revolutionary France as a conquering emperor Prussia truckled to him by remaining neutral, accepted Hanover and part of Poland as a bribe, and allowed all his Continental opponents to be overthrown.

Thus, while nearly all Europe was at war trying to curb Napoleon's overmastering ambition, Prussia had eleven years of peace; on the other hand, however, she stood isolated and distrusted.

Her foolish policy was recommended to the king, Frederick William the Third, by his circle of friends; but at last, when troubles were gathering with



Stein in flight from his native land to escape the wrath of Napoleon

Napoleon outside and discontent within, he called Stein to Berlin and made him a Minister. Stein drew up a memorandum telling the king plainly how badly the kingdom was governed, and warning him of the dangers ahead. But Frederick took no heed.

War came, and fifteen days after the first shot was fired the French were in Berlin, having defeated and dispersed the main Prussian army in the two great battles of Jena and Auerstadt. The only civilian who scored a success was Stein, who, as Minister of Finance, managed to save the Treasury funds.

The king now offered Stein the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, but he declined to take the position unless the king would dismiss the irresponsible courtiers who surrounded him. Frederick replied that Stein was a "refractory, insolent, obstinate, and disobedient official," and Stein accepted this as his dismissal after over a quarter of a century of faithful service.

By the Peace of Tilsit, which soon followed, Prussia lost half her territory. Napoleon demanded from her also an indemnity; he placed French garrisons in her fortresses and suggested that Stein should be chief minister.

Back to Power

Napoleon had an eye for a man. He wanted Prussia to be a vassal State of his own, and he knew that if anyone could govern Prussia vigorously it was Stein. He hoped Stein's energy would make Prussia strong enough to pay a large part of the paralysing indemnity. So Stein came back to power in Prussia at the bidding of her enemy, this man whose power Stein was to break.

Cast out like a criminal at the beginning of 1807, at the end of the year Stein came back

like a king. King he was in all but name, for he was Dictator of Prussia, with Frederick William afraid of Napoleon and ready to do his bidding. But Stein was to become once more a fugitive, a hunted man escaping for his life over the Prussian frontier. After fifteen months of his dictatorship a private letter written by Stein to stimulate patriotic feeling was intercepted and sent to Napoleon, who forthwith issued a proclamation ordering that "the person called Stein" should be seized. In those months Stein had done work that transformed the nation.

Tsar's Right-hand Man

For three years the world heard nothing of Stein, but during those years the changes he had made in Prussia were quietly working. National feeling was reviving through the greater sense of freedom he had introduced. Though the French still garrisoned the land, when the final invasion of Russia began the Prussian people as a whole were shaking their chains ominously.

The Russian Tsar was a man of wavering purpose. What he needed was a man at his right hand who "never changed or flinched and had the power to inspire confidence and enthusiasm." At that critical time, in 1812, the Tsar asked Stein to go to Russia as his confidential adviser. The "hunted" statesman, driven out of Prussia by Napoleon, was free to work Napoleon's doom in Russia. The die of fate was cast. Henceforward on the Continent there was a stern man wielding powerful influence who would never rest till the disturber of the world's peace was disarmed.

When the French were compelled to retreat, with winter overtaking them, it was Stein who stimulated the Russians to

pursue Napoleon into Prussia, where Stein declared that the people would rise in a body against the French, though the king in Berlin was still in alliance with Napoleon. The Tsar relied on Stein; the Russians crossed into Prussia, and Stein was made governor of any Prussian districts occupied by the Russian troops. Events justified him abundantly. The Prussian army, under General Yorck, changed sides. Stein called an Assembly in East Prussia and persuaded it to vote for war.

Prussia at last had found its soul and become a nation, and her king was forced to declare war, though this royal poltroon never forgave Stein, who had brought the Russians to his rescue. And then Napoleon fell.

At the Congress of the Powers after Waterloo Stein strove with passionate earnestness to bring about a union of German States under one central authority, instead of allowing a relapse into a number of petty sovereignties; but the influence of Austria was too much for him, and he withdrew from the Congress in despair. Retiring into private life, he spent his later years in studying history.

A man of strong views, straight of speech, confident, impatient, eager, with wide and deep aims, he could not but be disappointed with his life's work, for it remained a fragment. He found Prussia soulless, slavish, ignorant, under a rigid tyranny; he gave it a glimpse of freedom and the beginning of hopeful institutions. He saw Prussia rise from a serfdom into nationhood.

BEDTIME CORNER

WHEN YOU ARE FIVE

WHEN you are five there's so much to do,
For the wind and sun will play with you,
And the trees dance for you up on high
In a pale blue sky.



When you are five there's so much to explore,
The road outside and the house next door.
You are never dull when you're left alone,
For the world's your own.

There's a secret path in the garden, too,
Where flowers are smiling just for you,
And a magic star will give you light
On a moonless night.

Everything's yours to use as you will
Because you're only a small child still.
It's glorious fun to be alive
When you are five.

Vivien Hobkirk

The Bear and the Bees

A BEAR was passing by a beehive when he was stung on the nose, and this made him so angry that he decided to have revenge on all the family of bees.

With a blow of his paw he swept the hive to the ground, feeling very pleased that he had thus paid out the bees for the slight injury done to him by one of their number.

His pleasure was very short-lived, however, for all the bees in the hive flew out and, surrounding the bear, stung him again and again until his face and body had swollen alarmingly, and he wished he had never been so foolish as to disturb the hive.

It is always silly to lose your temper.

Is This Your Name?

Can you rearrange these letters to form a well-known boy's name? L I L B

O God, preserve my mother dear
In health and strength for many a year;

And oh, preserve my father, too,
And may I pay him reverence due;

My sisters and my brothers both
From evil guard, and save from sloth.

And still, O Lord, to me impart
A contrite, pure, and grateful heart.

This Kind World

THE happiest girl in New York today is Kathryn Los, whose story has made many people feel that it is not such a bad world after all.

Kathryn has a hard life, for she helps to support her father, mother, and sister on her salary of 18 dollars a week. She was hurrying along a street when she tripped over a parcel. Picking it up she peeped inside and saw that it was a thick bunch of notes! She took it to the

police station, where it was counted and found to be worth 7500 dollars.

Kathryn went home, glad that she had been able to restore somebody's lost property. A week went by and she had almost forgotten it, when she was asked to go back to the police station. It was a very excited girl who arrived home that night for in her purse was a cheque for a thousand dollars from a city broker.

SWEETENS CHILD'S SOUR STOMACH IN FIVE MINUTES

Mother! You'll be positively amazed how quickly a little 'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a stomach made sour and sick by too much rich food. 'Milk of Magnesia' overcomes the sour acidity the moment it reaches the stomach. That sick, ill feeling quickly passes away and in no time the little one is as lively as a cricket. Then 'Milk of Magnesia' moves the bowels and relieves the system of the offending bile and undigested food which have made the child ill. At the first sign of sickness just give 'Milk of Magnesia' and nip the attack in the bud. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' today and have it handy. 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity). Including Purchase Tax. Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 7d., 1/11, 2/3 and 3/11. (Including Purchase Tax). Obtainable everywhere. Be quite sure it is 'Milk of Magnesia'.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of J. Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

"FOUNTAIN PEN" ACTION

The Gillott Nib with the new "Inqueduct Reservoir" attachment (Pat. No. 477,466) gives fountain pen action with advantages of Gillott Stainless Steel Nib. "Inqueduct" opens for easy cleaning. Supplied with four patterns of nib.

THE INQUEDUCT HOLDS THE INK.

High-class stationers stock—or particulars can be obtained from Joseph Gillott & Sons, Ltd., on application.

Gillott's Pens
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS LTD., VICTORIA WORKS, BIRMINGHAM

THE BRAN TUB

Not So Bad

SAID Father: "Bobby, I'm surprised. This note from your teacher says you're the last boy in a class of twenty-five."
"Well, I could be worse."
"I don't see how."
"It might have been a bigger class."

ENOUGH

IF your first line ends with cow,
Rhyme o w with plough;
Should your second nicely go,
Seek o long, as found in though;
Thirdly would you try this, too,
Double o is found in through;
Fourth, a variance we are taught,
Like a u is heard in thought.
Speak you, fifthly, of a sorrow,
Give the o obscure in borough;
In the sixth place you may pick up
Sound of u p in a hiccough;
Turn your seventh complement off,
Assuming o f as in cough;
Eighthly, sing you of a rock,
Echo c k with a lough;
Ninth and last, a final puff,
Sound u f, and cry—enough!

Jacko Annoys Father



THE Jacko Family were enjoying a morning on the sands. Father Jacko shut his eyes for a moment, and fell fast asleep. "Better make him comfortable," grinned Jacko, running for Baby's spade. When his father woke he was buried almost up to his neck!

The Doubtful Sneeze

Some years ago a picture was exhibited in London entitled "The Doubtful Sneeze," whereupon a poet wrote the following verse.

THE doubtful sneeze! a failure quite.
A winker half, and half a gaper;
Alas! to paint on canvas here
What should have been on tissue paper.

Do You Live in Surrey?

It used to be thought that Surrey meant South kingdom, but it is now generally agreed that the meaning is Southern shore, and refers to Surrey's position south of the Thames.

Riddle in Rhyme

IN every household in some sort of way
I'm busy every hour in every day.
My nature's cold, my temper's quite serene,
Yet in hot water I am often seen.
Sometimes I'm dull and sometimes very bright,
And yet I've stirring times morn, noon, and night.
My form is odd; I'm neither round nor square,
Triangular nor oval; yet my shape is fair.

QUITE SAFE

JACK was going out to play.
"You are not to go fishing with George," said his mother.
"He is just recovering from whooping cough."
"That's all right, Mother," replied Jack, "I never catch anything when I go fishing."

NATURE'S NEWS REEL FOR AUGUST

OATS and barley are ready
Middle fleabane flowers
Swallow-tailed butterfly appears
Sow thistle flowers
Plantain fritillary is seen
Yellow succory flowers
Canterbury bells flower
Carlina thistle flowers
Mugwort and meadow rue in flower
Meadow saffron flowers
Michaelmas daisy flowers
Sea holly and China aster flower
Goldfinch young broods appear

Lapwings congregate
Black-eyed marble butterfly appears
Devil's bit flowers
Thistle-down floats
Ploughman's spikenard flowers
Linnets congregate
Balsam is in flower
Hops are ready for picking
Beech leaves turn yellow
Soapwort is in flower
Swallows sing
Great fritillary appears
Willow red underwing appears

SLOW STARTER

BROWN: "You can't stop a man from thinking!"
JONES: "No, but the difficulty is to start him!"

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Venus is low in the west; and in the morning Mars is in the south and Mercury, Saturn, and Jupiter are low in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 9 o'clock on Sunday evening, August 3.



Handsome Is as Handsome Does

SAID a fop to a lady, "Pray name if you can
Of all your acquaintances the handsomest man."
The lady replied, "If you'd have me speak true,
He's the handsomest man that is most unlike you!"

SHAKESPEARE IN THE BIBLE

SEVERAL weeks ago a coincidence concerning Shakespeare and the Bible was mentioned on this page. Among many ways of spelling the name in the poet's day was SHAKESPEAR, consisting of four vowels and six consonants. Written together these two numerals appear as 46.

If we take our Bible and look at Psalm 46, we shall see that the 46th word from the beginning is SHAKJ and the 46th word from the end is SPEAR.

An overseas reader writes to tell us of a further coincidence. If we add the two numerals 4 and 6 we get 10. Now, if we look again at the 46th Psalm in the Bible we shall find that the tenth word of the tenth verse is WILL; so we have WILL SHAKESPEAR.

NON-STOP HOP

A GRASSHOPPER once, young and growing,
With energy great was o'er-flowing;
He hopped and he hopped,
And never once stopped
Until no more grass was left showing.

How Tennyson Wrote His Name

ALFRED TENNYSON, who probably was more popular in his own day than any other English poet, was born at Somersby Rectory, in Lincolnshire, on August 6, 1809.

Alfred Tennyson

He succeeded Wordsworth as poet-laureate in 1850, was raised to the peerage in 1884, and altogether he wrote for more than 60 years.

TONGUE-TWISTER

QUIXOTE Quicksight quizzed a queerish quidbox;
Did Quixote Quicksight quiz a queerish quidbox?
If Quixote Quicksight quizzed a queerish quidbox,
Where's the queerish quidbox Quixote Quicksight quizzed?

Past Tense

AMERICA is enjoying a joke about a teacher in an English school who was trying to tell his class about Nazism, Fascism, and similar creeds. Turning to his brightest pupil he said: "Now, what would you do with all these *isms*?"
"Please, sir," was the swift reply, "I'd make them all *wasms*."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

B	A	R	D	M	A	S	T
R	U	E	B	A	S	T	E
A	R	E	A	S	P	E	N
D	A	V	I	T	S	T	
L	E	D	E	A	R		
S	E	A	S	I	E	R	
N	O	M	A	D	S	P	Y
O	P	A	L	S	L	E	O
W	E	Y	S	P	E	L	T

What Is It?

C-LOCK

How Old Are They?
Peggy 14 and her father 42

Ici on Parle Français

The Foolish Man

26. Mais quiconque entend ces paroles que je dis, et ne les met pas en pratique, sera semblable à un homme insensé qui a bâti sa maison sur le sable.

27. La pluie est tombée, les torrents sont venus, les vents ont soufflé et ont battu cette maison: elle est tombée, et sa ruine a été grande.

From Matthew VII

Children's Teeth in War-Time



Even in war-time a child's diet must contain a proportion of sweet things for nourishment and energy. But sweet things cause acid-mouth, which encourages the germs which attack and decay the teeth. To protect the teeth a child's toothpaste should contain plenty of 'Milk of Magnesia', the most effective neutralizer of mouth acid known. Only in one toothpaste is 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid to be found, and that is Phillips' Dental Magnesia, which contains 75%.

Children who use this pleasant-tasting toothpaste regularly always have the whitest teeth and are practically free from decay, with its distressing toothache and disfiguring gaps. Get a tube today.

Sold everywhere, 7½d., 1½d. and 1/10½d. (Including Purchase Tax.)

PHILLIPS' DENTAL MAGNESIA

* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Why Not More Money For Everybody?

Boy. Why is it so difficult to pay high wages? Why cannot a law be passed to raise rates of pay to enable all workers to buy what they need?

Man. Wages can only be paid out of the product of work. If the product is a big one high wages can be paid; if the product is small, high wages are impossible. That is to speak of real wage, which is product in the form of goods—of food, housing, comforts, books, travel, amusement. If, however, we mislead ourselves by speaking of money wages, then it is quite possible to pay out plenty of money when production is poor, but if we do so prices rise and our real wages are no higher.

Boy. Are you speaking of what happens in peace or war?

Man. What I have said is true of both peace and war, but in war its truth becomes more evident and even more important. For in war so much labour and material has necessarily to be devoted to buying or making war goods that much less product than in peace is left for civilians. If, therefore, we demand and are granted higher

THE BOY TALKS WITH THE MAN

money wages in war the extra money pay we receive is no benefit to us because there is so little in the shops to buy, and that little, measured by more money, becomes automatically higher in price.

Boy. Isn't a pound always a pound and a shilling always a shilling?

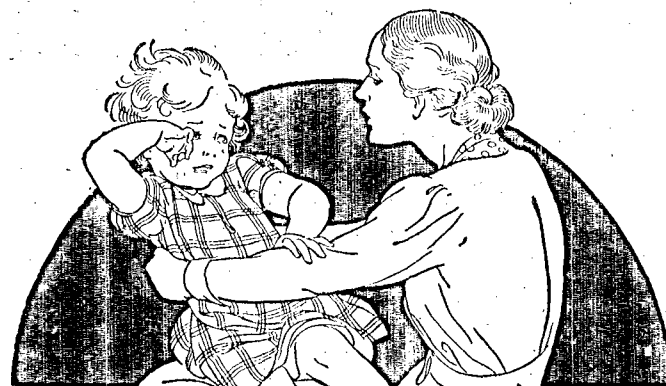
Man. By no means! These names, written on bits of paper, or stamped on bits of metal, represent, unless both money and price are controlled, very varying values. Suppose that tomorrow the Government doubled the amount of money in circulation, so that a man now receiving three pound notes for a week's labour was paid six pound notes. That done, if the wage-earner took his doubled money to market, he would quickly find that each of his six pounds bought only half what each of his three pounds bought before, so that he would gain nothing by the change.

Boy. And yet people are always asking for higher wages!

Man. That is very natural, and very proper, when in peace more goods and more profit are being made, for if money wages did not rise or prices fall, the extra goods made could not find a market. In peace, the aim should be to make such an adjustment between goods and wages that an ever-increasing output becomes fairly distributed among those who make it. In war we have the special case of distributing peace goods deliberately reduced in quantity to enable us to fight a great war. In each case it is a question of supply, but the difference of degree is remarkable. High money wages mock labour in time of war, and the trouble is complicated by the fact that some trades obtain very high war wages while others get little or no increase, or even a decrease, which is very unfair as between man and man.

Boy. Is there no remedy?

Man. It is difficult to arrive at perfect fairness in the matter, but it is quite possible, by strict control of output, marketing, price, and wages, to do substantial justice to the majority.



Mother! Constipated Child needs 'California Syrup of Figs'

Hurry, Mother! A teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative now will sweeten the stomach and thoroughly clean the little bowels and in a few hours you have a well, playful child again. Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love the pleasant taste of this gentle, harmless

laxative. It never gripes or overacts. Ask your chemist for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages.

Prices 1/5 and 2/10 (Including Purchase Tax). Mother, be sure to ask for 'CALIFORNIA Syrup of Figs.'